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[From the Home Journal.]

GOLDEN LEAVES FROM THE AMERICAN POETS.—Professor Howe's volume, with this title, published last year by Buncce & Huntington, has been, as we previously recorded, issued in London. We make no apology for copying the following notice of the work from "Public Opinion," the critic of which paper writes:

"A very handsomely bound and well-printed volume, full of poetical gems. Mr. Alexander Smith, who, we fear, is becoming rather too garrulous, gives us an introductory essay on American poetry. This essay might have been kept out of the volume without in the least diminishing its value. When we observe that we have here collected poems by Longfellow, Bryant, Poe, Willis, Whittier, Lowell, Bayard Taylor, R. W. Emerson, J. G. Saxe, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Mrs. Sigourney, we pretty clearly indicate that 'Golden Leaves' is not a misnomer. Lovers of genuine poetry that has long won its way to the heart, and that, in some instances, has secured world-wide popularity for its authors, will procure this volume and preserve it with care. *America has more real poets than England*, and well may the Americans be proud of Longfellow and Bryant, the laureates of all that is morally beautiful and ennobling. These poets are not indebted to fashion for their renown. The esteem in which they are held has been generated by the loveliness and truthfulness of their strains, whether describing the beauty of the universe or dwelling on human joys and sorrows."

THE RECENT PICTURE SALES.

There has been several picture sales of importance during the last few weeks. But their returns have illustrated the fact that the season is too far advanced for such ventures. The previous sales reaped the best of the harvest. Works offered so late as the last ones are likely to gather only the gleanings. And yet these sales offered some of the best things of the season. Certainly no collection of equal size combined so much excellence as that of the works of Inness. The collection of the works of Hazeltine and other distinguished artists of this city, put up by Sommerville & Miner, contained illustrations of their best work, fresh from the studios. We have not been able to get a report of this sale.

Of Mr. Inness's collection, the large landscape, "Peace and Plenty," was withdrawn; the remainder, for the most part works small in size, netted \$5,000. The following are some of the prices:

Autumn Sunset.....	\$500
Over the River.....	355
Clark Smith's Pond.....	490
Near Medfield, Mass.....	300
Twilight near Medfield.....	300
South Road.....	300
Near Medfield.....	300
Winter Twilight.....	255

The sale by Leeds & Miner of the Collection of Old Paintings, the property of Mr. Robert Smith, of Philadelphia, though containing many works of beauty, was not successful. Special pictures are not quoted. This lack of success was owing in part to the lateness of the season, in part to the unjustifiable attack of a city daily. It was not claimed, as we understand, that the pictures were originals. Old copies of great works executed by pupils of the Master, or flowing from the school which has received its inspiration from him, are often of great value. And where the lineage of a picture is uncertain, the owner should be allowed the advantage of the doubt.

THE SIGNORA'S MANTLE.

BY THEODORE ARNOLD

"Nunciata, you are one vane great fool!" said the signora, angrily, raising her eyes from a scroll of music which she had been humming, and looking into the mirror before which she sat. "How many times did I tell you not to dress my hair to make my forehead look so peaked! Now my face look like dat window between the drapery. I vill turn you off! I vill not pay you one penny! I—I—"

Inarticulate with anger, the signora found relief and expression in a resounding slap which she bestowed upon her attendant's cheek.

Nunciata drew back quickly with a lowering face.

"What for you make me so angry as to slap you?" cried her mistress, in still greater vexation, holding up a plump white hand, and looking at its reddened palm. "I have hurt my hand. It will bleed."

For answer, the dark-faced Italian lady's maid drew nearer the mirror, to look at her cheek, on which the print of four fingers showed redly.

"You take down my hair and dress it properly, as I tell you," commanded her mistress, but with a trifle less of confidence in her tone.

"Signora can dress her own hair," said Nunciata, deliberately, moving towards the door.

"Now don't be a fool, if you did get strike!" cried the lady, turning round in her chair to look after her servant. "It is enough to make any one mad. Look vat a fright I am! Come, now, good Nunciata, and forget dis once. See, I vill give you my beautiful bodice!" taking a crimson satin one from the toilet-table.

Nunciata hesitated, half-turning back.

"My face aches," she sulked, but eyeing the bodice longingly.

"Vell, vell, I'll not do it again," said the signora, impatiently. "Be quick, now, for dere is so much to do."

The woman came back to her task, and Signora Sofi tossed aside her music, and gave her undivided attention to the more important subject of her looks.

"Be careful not to spoil de back hair. Dat is beautiful. Now draw dis back—not so tight—ah! it looks as if I was going to be scalp! Drop it loose, so. Make my face oval. Ah, bella! bella! You have did vell, Nunciata. But de hair grows too low here. It must be took off."

Nunciata took a small plaster spread on kid, warmed it at a wax taper, and pressed it carefully on the spot which it was desirable should be hairless. In a few minutes she drew it quickly off with the hair adhering, her mistress giving a little scream as she did so. She touched the flushed spot lightly with a delicate salve.

"Now, see if my eyebrows are even," said the signora, peering at herself critically in the glass. "My parts are all tragedy, and I want my brows straight. Does not de left one a little arch?"

Nunciata examined the offending eyebrow with solemn earnestness, looking from different points of view. The result was, that with a tiny pair of pinchers, she pulled two or three hairs from the top of the centre.

"Bella!" cried the signora again.

Then, taking a low seat before her mistress, Nunciata lifted the signora's most exquisite foot to her knee, and, with nicest care, sewed on the white satin shoes. For Signora Sofi never allowed a finished boot or shoe to be put on her foot for full dress, but, having once got the shape from an artist, had her shoes stitched on as now, not to lose one perfect curve.

A little touch of powder to face, arms, and neck; a faint wash of liquid rouge on the cheeks; a broad necklace of flashing diamonds laid around the snowy neck; bracelets of the same jewels bound on the large round arms;

many a sparkling ring slipped over her plump fingers; a lace and ivory fan in her hand; and, lastly, a coronet of diamonds set on her shining damp hair, and Signora Madalena Sofi was ready to bring the world to her feet. She always dressed at her apartments, when she could, for there was something fine in having the carpet laid across the pavement when she reached the theatre, and to have the crowd of eager admirers peer and jostle to get a glimpse of her under the black silk mantle that covered her from brow to heel.

Her toilet completed, there was still half an hour to spare before the carriage would come. That time the singer spent in contemplating herself. Her bold, brilliant eyes saw in the mirror the reflection of a superb figure a little inclined to *embonpoint*, but well kept in at the waist by her white satin corset; a handsome face, with oval cheeks; haughty, red mouth, full of fine teeth, and the straight brows and wide forehead which she was at such pains to make. Altogether, a woman deserving the epithet "magnificent," which her admirers applied to her; but a creature vain, extravagant, and selfish, as it is easy to imagine. She looked at herself, and dreamed of new conquests; wondered, too, who and what this new singer was, who, as Margaret, was enchanting everybody. While she mused, there came a tap at the door.

"Ah, Bertram," she cried, as the door opened, "I don't want you now. I am studying my part. I am contemplating de sentiments I must have ven my beloved forsakes me. I am trying to despair."

"Thank goodness I interrupted you then," he said, not in the least disconcerted by her laughing repulse. "You are dangerous enough without more study. If I allow you to study, it will be your admirers who will be plunged in despair, and not you. Have you any flowers?"

"Any flowers!" she repeated disdainfully, and waved her hand towards a table on which half a dozen vases stood with bouquets in them.

The new-comer glanced at them critically.

"I can safely offer mine," he said; and, going to the door again, he took a tissue paper cone from the hand of a servant there, and, opening it, presented the flowers to the signora.

"Ah, bellissima!" she cried, taking the bouquet. "What is dis Signora Sancia?" she asked, abruptly, after having made him a gracious acknowledgement.

"A little blonde, who would about reach to that white shoulder of yours. She has rather small blue eyes, and her arms are thin. She has a good throat and lungs, and her voice is a high soprano, but wants richness. She will grow in your shadow like a violet under a rose-tree."

"Den she is a blossom?" asked the lady, jealously.

Mr. Bertram smiled. He liked to see the signora in a pet, though he did not wish to provoke her.

"A blossom that would not be seen in your presence," he said.

She shrugged her round shoulders.

"If dis flower grow in my shadow I vill fall my petals on her," she said.

"Your petals, it may be," he said, in answer, "but do not drop your mantle—it would crush her. She could never be Elisha to your Elijah. She can sing light, tender parts, but has no fire."

The signora rose, as her carriage was announced.

"If I drop a mantle on her, it vill not be easy for her to wear, you may be sure," she said with her head erect.

Signora Sofi's voice was like her person, magnificent and sensuous. She sang with passion, and her voice was so flexible and agile that few noted the absence of more delicate shades of expression. Her power swept her hearers along too rapidly for criticism, and her beauty filled their eyes as her voice filled their ears. Nevertheless some kept cool.